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especially artful in the manufacture of articles from clay that have the stamp of age and will bear scrutiny. The Pueblos have many tricks in pottery that they keep secret. With smoky fires the grime of ages is put on a vase made yesterday. Burial for a few weeks in damp soil gives a musky color to a clay effigy that some squaw molded last week. Chipping away the rude edges of a bowl gives the appearance of use in early American homes.

ADAPTED FOR BRUSH AND PENCIL.



SIoux WAR BONNET

SWEDISH ART AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

The Holland section at the World's Fair was interesting for its unity, the Swedish section for its variety. The Holland paintings attracted in their homeliness and gray harmonies, the Swedish captivated through their colorful strength, brilliant skies, clear atmosphere, and their picturesque themes. Moving water, a rushing stream, sunkissed snow, light, and life—the Swedes do these effects beyond compare. A piece by Bruno Andreas Liljefors, one in an entire room devoted to the work of this notable painter, will never be understood unless you have seen a sheet of clear water upon a clear day, seen it when a brisk breeze is beginning to stir up the whitecaps. Then the lake or bay becomes a deep, intense, and brilliant blue—all in a tremble, and shot with the gleaming white tips of the wavelets. If you know this effect you will know that the Swedish painter had achieved a result which you would have sworn was impossible to the brush. The movement of the water, that trembling shimmer, and the richness of the color were rendered. It was a wonderful picture.

The Swedes are nothing if not daring. A canvas by Carl Johanssen was another miracle, though of a wholly different kind. To venture upon panoramic themes is dangerous. Most of us, no doubt, have stood upon some hilltop at sunset and looked down into a valley. Far away one low range of mountains has hemmed in the horizon, and in the middle distance a lake or bit of stream has reflected the glories of a gorgeous sky. But when the painter attempts to interpret the grandeur and magnificence of such a scene, almost



SIoux VEST AND LEGGINGS

always we are compelled to think that he has failed. The Johanssen picture was a success. There is a moment during such a sunset when the water seems to catch up the reflected rays, to magnify them; to mirror living fire. The moment passes, the lake becomes leaden, the light dies. Johanssen knew the moment, doubtless painted the effect at the instant in an original sketch. Then, in the studio, when he did his picture, he preserved the dashing manner, and probably only worked out his sketch on a larger scale. Here, too, was one of the wonders of the galleries.

One found marvelous effects at every turn in this section. Olof Arborelius, a painter of Stockholm, had eight canvases, three of

which recur to mind. The first depicts a shallow stream at a bend in its course. The day is bright and clear, the water as transparent as fine glass, and the transparency is painted beautifully. The second was called "Evening in the Wilderness," and it presented a wind-torn, desolate landscape. It might be a little confusing in its composition, but it thrilled with sentiment. The third showed a quiet bit of a river, and through trees one caught a glimpse of a reddish boat-house. Foliage and water are not easy to paint, especially when the leaves are brilliant green, as upon a cool, summer day. But this picture surmounted the difficulties.

Anshelm Schulzberg, who, it happens, was the Swedish art commissioner to the



CHIPPEWA MOCCASINS

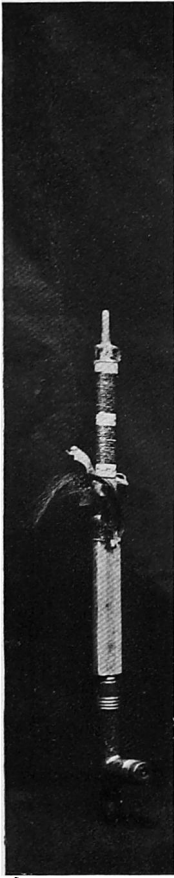


INDIAN ART WORK

Fair,
paints

snow as effectively as his confrères their respective themes. His "Sunny Winter Day" is worthy of comment. In the shadows cast by the drifts, you felt intense coldness—that clear, steel-blue bespeaking the iced atmosphere that cuts at the lungs like a knife. Where the sun fell a thin pinkish tint enlivened the outlook. A splendid canvas, reminder of Thaulow, whose pictures are familiar in the United States.

Many other of these Swedish landscapes and waterscapes had qualities as remarkable as those described in the several mentioned. Ankarcrona exhibited one delightful picture, "Between the Bluffs." K. A. Borgh of Stockholm was among the strongest men of them all. Gottfrid Samuel Nikolaus Kallstenius—they are sufficiently named, some of them—showed seven canvases.



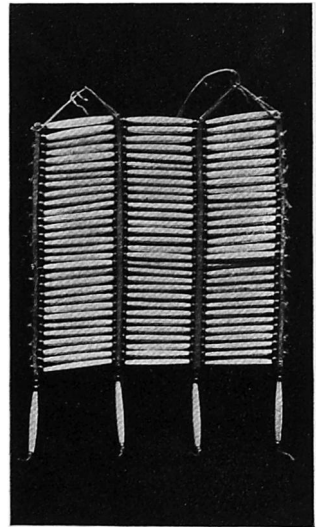
SIOUX PIPE

ness of the face, the solidity of the figure, in its completeness, is a painting of the very first rank among the pictures exhibited. It is not done too carefully, however. It is freely and broadly painted, though the freedom does not run to reckless dash, as with Zorn. It is a splendid portrait, though not so fine a picture as the Lenbach Bismarck or the Whistler in the American section. There is no impression conveyed of a deep study of the subject as in the Bismarck, nor is there the careful consideration of harmonies which is in the Whistler. One finds even

One, "The Evening Star," will be recalled. Its theme was a long reach of water, wooded by a promontory which runs far out into the bay. From the viewpoint chosen by the artist, sky and water met at the horizon, and the distance was excellently conveyed, emphasized as you followed the edge of the land back into the foreground. It was a dead calm, not a cloud was in the sky. The deep and darkening blue of the evening sky was mirrored by the water. Not a sound, not a ripple—perfect quiet and vast distances—solemn beauty.

Carl Larrson, Emil Osterman, and Anders Zorn formed an interesting trio among the Swedish figure-painters. They possess the vigorous qualities of the landscape men, and yet each is intensely individual, so much so that the relationship between them becomes a little obscure. Larrson and Zorn divided a room. The one inclines wholly toward decorative effects in arrangements and in color. The other does all his work with vim and dash, in big brush strokes, which achieve either a very good or very bad result. Larrson is uniform, Zorn is never so. Both are extremists.

Emil Osterman surely is among the very foremost of contemporary portrait-painters. He approaches his subject with more thoughtfulness, with a more cautious though with fully as confident a brush as Zorn. His "Portrait of the Landscape-Painter J.," in the firm-



SIOUX BREASTPLATE

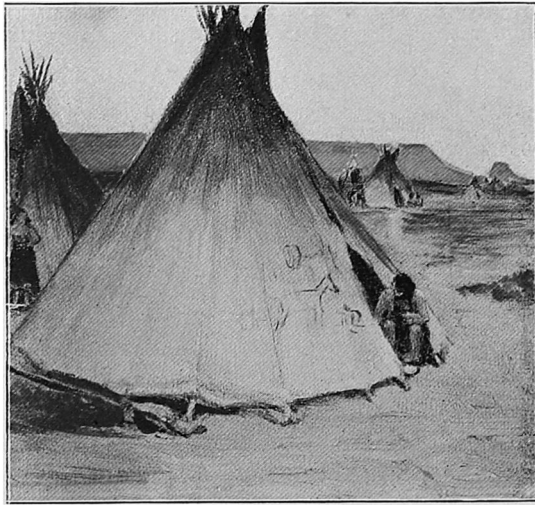


HE-SEE-O, A ZUNI BELLE
By E. A. Burbank
Showing Example of Pottery

an inharmonious note or two. The face is the only light spot upon a dark ground. Its relief is so marked that the possibility that it might be detached strikes one as a little too obvious.

Still, criticism is not the object in this writing. Differences in style and perceptions are the life of a gallery, and to know the differences educates catholicity in taste. If all good painters painted alike, we would see one and then save the exertion of going farther. Moreover, a closer appreciation of the harmonies appeared in other of the Osterman portraits. The one of them may seem to be half-finished, but as you think, you will realize that it is better so, for a fine and an accidental tonal relation between the color of the virgin canvas and the painted surface has been found and preserved.

Zorn we all know so well that it seems almost useless to talk of him. Still, it is difficult to avoid talking of him; he is an artist who contributes endless material for conversation. He exhibited five portraits which were done in America—three of men and two of women.



INDIAN TEPEE, SHOWING DECORATIONS

Needless to say, those of the women were, beyond words, bad. They were bad because he simply massacres feminine character. The one of his subjects might have been interpreted as the type of young American matron. But, with a brutal handling and a haphazard study of the face, he succeeded in rendering and emphasizing every disagreeable suggestion which was possible to her features.

However, depth of perception probably cannot be expected of this man, who outdoes in dash all the dashing Swedes. When one sails in, hit or miss, it is logical that he should miss occasionally; and certainly he is as likely to hit the bad as the good points of a subject. And Zorn, in his shallow way, ever finds the undesirable suggestion in his studies of women. His nudes are positively indecent.

As it requires such extravagant language to define him at his worst, it needs terms fully as strong to define him at his best. His "Portrait of Doctor Warner" had every quality which we could admire. It was a lifelike, vigorous, powerful painting. In departing

from portraiture he achieves striking results in color and in the suggestion of action. "Midsummer Night at Mora" was one of these canvases, and it showed peasant couples dancing. The movement of the piece was marvelous, though it struck one as unfinished. He had another, "In the Loft Door," showing a woman in green and red, and it was to use a loose term, a slashing fine thing.

Larson is a thoughtful fellow in his conceptions, and in the arrangements in his pictures. It is true he does not go outside of a limited range in choosing his color schemes, but in design and composition he is extremely versatile. He finds character, too, and paints it wonderfully. What could there be more striking in character than "Father," shown in this exhibition?

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THE VENETIAN BLIND

By Edmund C. Tarbell

Shown at the World's Fair